

You're still the best thing, now can I kiss you? by zcnitzu

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Summary:

Mike feels tears gather up in the corner of his eyes and he smiles. It's uptight and strained, but it's the first smile he's had since the night started. "Yeah, Will it's gone. For good."

In which the Mind Flayer is dead, and revelations are to be made.

You're still the best thing, now can I kiss you?

Author's Note:

Just something small so I can get used to writing again. Enjoy!

Fluorescent lights staged the mall, flickering and hanging on by dangerous cable wires that are one swing away from falling. The centre of any shopper's wet dream laid and contained a dead mass of flesh, blood, and intestines from people who were unfortunate enough to be dragged into this. Will couldn't, no, wouldn't look away. His worst fear manifested in front of him had finally died. The thing that plagued his memory while he slept, robbed him of his childhood, made him feel like a stranger in his own body, had finally hit the last nail on the coffin.

Will's body feels numb and his mind feels like it's going into overdrive. His fingers gripped the broken railing tightly, afraid that if he were to let go he would go tumbling. Will's eyes never once leave the lump while he walks down to the main scene. He reaches the last step, and subconsciously backs up when Steve runs past him, along with the girl with the weird soccer story. He stumbles a bit when the heel of his foot hits the back, but he shakes it off, and to really check if it's dead, Will's tired feet guide him to the burned human (can he call it that?) body of the Mind Flayer.

Out of his peripheral, he notices Max, who's in hysterics in front of her older brother's bloodied body. Eleven is there with her, trying her best to console. It's too much. Will's attention trains back on his original goal; because he gets what Max is going through. And the selfish part of him wishes he didn't. Will sighs and really doesn't register someone coming up behind him until he's being tapped on the shoulder.

Will's hazel colored eyes follow the hand resting on his shoulder, and his eyes meet dark black ones that are framed by frazzled hair and freckles in the shape of constellations. They're laced with concern. Oh, it's Mike.

"Will? Are you okay?"

Will blinks, *is he okay?* He feels like he can crumple under the exhaustion, and the pure feeling of relief. He nods anyways.

"Are you sure?" Mike furrows his brows, and brings his other hand up to Will's other shoulder, forcing the slightly shorter one to look at him.

"Yeah... I just, it's just hard to believe you know? The thing that has been haunting me my whole life is finally gone." Will's hands leave his side to grip the inside of Mike's elbows, bring him a little closer. His chalked fingertips from the fireworks earlier leave marks but Mike can't really bring himself to care. "It's gone, Mike. The Mind Flayer is gone. For good."

Mike feels tears gather up in the corner of his eyes and he smiles. It's uptight and strained, but it's the first smile he's had since the night started. "Yeah, Will it's gone. For good."

Will feels like he can breathe again. His shoulders feel lighter. His grip loosens and a smile starts to play out on his lips. His hands adjust and they end up on the waist of Michael Wheeler, and before any of them have time to think, they're hugging each other.

“Will I was so worried.” Mike’s shaky whispers tickles Will’s debris covered scalp. “I wasn’t with you and I was so scared something happened to you, but then I seen you on the railing with Lucas and I was so relieved, I was so relieved, you don’t understand Will—“ Mike goes into frantic mode and Will pulls back and cups his face with his cleaner hand. Mike sobs and leans into the touch.

“I’m right here, Mike. I’m not going anywhere.” Will’s thumb strokes Mike’s cheek in hopes of calming him down.

“It’s just that I—“ Mike takes a shaky breath and opens his eyes. “You’re my best friend and I can’t lose you. *I can’t lose you* . You’re the best thing that’s ever happened to me and I don’t know what I would do if I lost you.”

Will smiles sadly and tries swallows to swallow the lump in his throat. “I... wouldn’t know what I would do without you either Mike. I can’t imagine my life without you in it.” Mike chuckles wetly and his reddened eyes flicker to Will’s lips.

“Can... can I...?” Mike’s eyes meet Will’s and with a consent nod, he leans forward. Will briefly thanks the huge corpse for being in the center so no one would see him kiss a boy, especially with that boy being Mike Wheeler. The quiet part of his brain tells him this is wrong, unnatural, disgusting. That Mike is fucking around with him, and that makes Will pull away, hyper aware that Michael Wheeler had leaned his head forward as a means to chase Will’s lips. As though Will is worth chasing for. His heart clenches.

“Are... this isn’t a joke right?” Will whispers, his eyes casting

downwards. Voicing his concerns out loud makes him scared, makes him want to run away. Because that means they're real. His rational side knows that Mike would never pull something like this, but he really can't afford his feelings to be messed with, they aren't toys.

"No! Of course it isn't!" Mike's reply is haste, and his hands go up to cup Will's face to force him to look at Mike. "I would never do something like that."

"But what about El?"

"She dumped my ass remember?" Mike giggles and Will cracks a smile before collapsing onto the floor, his knees giving out on him. Mike's eyes widen and Will looks up at him before laughing. "Guess that means I fell for you Wheeler."

Mike snorts and lets out a dramatic "oh my god" before joining Will on the floor, where their backs are propped up on the falling apart dividers. Mike leans back and turns his head forward.

"God... I'm so going to have a shit ton of nightmares after this."

"Welcome to the club Wheeler, very limited to who joins so count yourself lucky."

Mike shoves Will playfully. "Are you the leader of this secret club?"

Will laughs, and he's pretty sure the dirt from the potted plants are in his hair. How? He has no idea. "As a matter of fact, I am. And as leader of said club it's my duty to care for any of my party members."

Mike blushes, and both boys watch as helicopter lights finally surround the mall. He looks back at Will, "Is that an offer I hear?"

Will pats his arm, "It could be whatever you want it to be, Wheeler." He gets up with a groan and Mike watches in awe as the boy he grew up with and learned to love stands before him, arm outstretched.

"Shouldn't this be the other way around Byers?" Mike takes a hold of the outstretched hand.

"Isn't this a sign of change?"

Their fingers link tight.

Mike smiles at Will, and he finds himself excited for the days to come.

After all, change is scary, but what's there to be scared of when you have the best thing that's ever happened to you next to your side with each step?